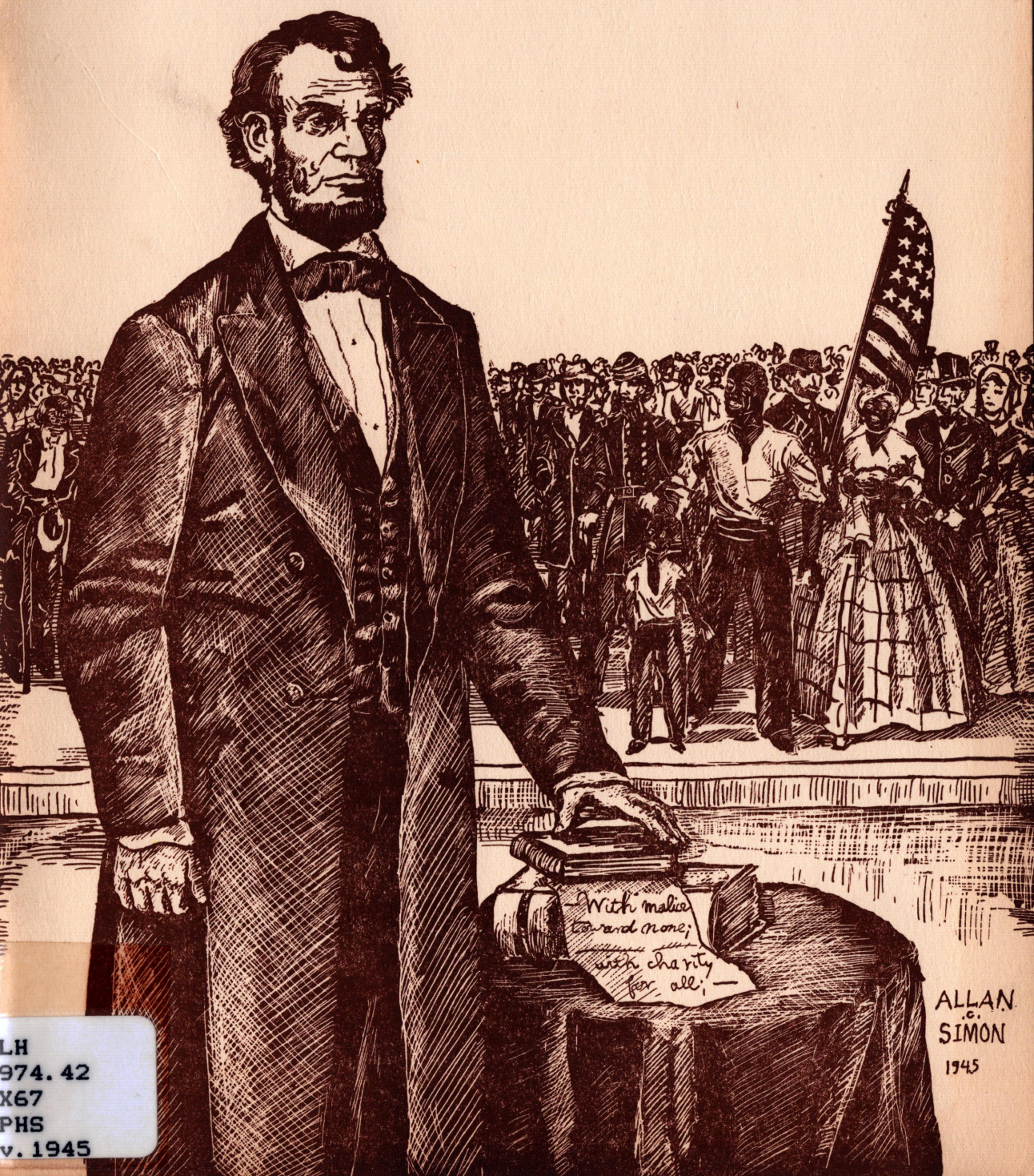


THE STUDENT'S PEN

FEBRUARY, 1945



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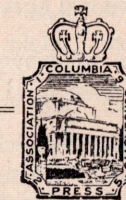
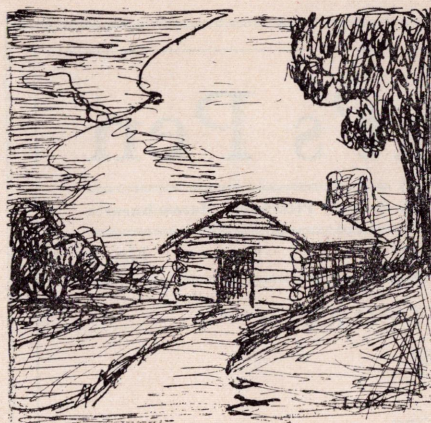


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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Gertrude Giese

In the meanest of homes, a rough-hewn log cabin,
Great truth was born; yea, Virtue and Truth.

Out of the wilderness, the deprivation,
Rose a man who stood for Truth itself.

Silently, unrecognized, and unknown,
He grew in strength, determination, and purpose.

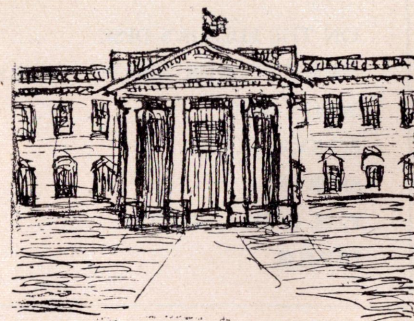
When through the land, chaos, confusion, greed
Lit the torch of war, he rose, majestic,

And with steadfast will, he led us, till
The light of God shone down once more.

This man was great, yet unassuming.
He guided us with an honest hand.

Thus Truth is born in humble homes,
Where, through His love to all mankind,

God makes a leader out of one,
And bestows on him the virtue of Truth.



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

Faye B. B. B.

As We Understand It

By Jane Howard

WE have just taken the first step over the threshold of 1945. January with its cold, bleak, and snowy days has slipped into the past. The month of February brings with it new hope to a weary world—February with its certain sadness of aging winter, with its breathless hint of coming spring. Exuberant, excitingly brief February announces itself to a war-torn world. February is a red-white-and blue month marked by the births of two great Americans, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

The immortal "Abe" Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, once said, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."—And in that faith let us here on the home front think about these meaningful words for a while. Let us, yes, us students at Pittsfield High School, think about the boys and girls in the many classes before us, now in planes and ships, behind guns, in lonely, muddy fox-holes, in hospital wards, and behind the battle lines. Let us call to mind the G.I.'s out there in the jungle, enduring ineffable trials of loneliness, sorrow, suffering, and yes, even death. These same boys and girls were once in high school. Once they were gay and irresponsible like us. They were once the bobby socks and bow ties crowd. They all danced and loved it. They all played football and yelled themselves hoarse for their team.

They all griped about homework and departmentals, and they all graduated one day. Yes, these same boys and girls, graduates of our P. H. S., are now young men and women fighting for a better world. They loved the wonderful, halcyon days. They didn't ask for war, but war came and they met it bravely. And yet they don't ask us to give up the things they once enjoyed. They don't even suggest that we dispense with our cokes and jitterbugging, or with our sleigh-rides or even our Hi-Y's. They only request that we have heaps of wonderful times and fun, and write them all down on those sheets of paper called "V-Mail".

... "Let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it," said Lincoln. Those graduates are doing their duty. What duty belongs to us students? The duty to work hard and play hard, to keep life normal, to buy stamps and bonds, to aid in salvage drives, and to send letters, full of hope and enthusiasm overseas. And finally, but most important is the duty—an important duty we are inclined to neglect—the duty of gaining precious knowledge so necessary and vital to us who are the future leaders of a world at peace,—to us who must maintain and safeguard the peace for which they are now paying so dearly. Yes, this is our duty, our duty to the Great Emancipator, to our P. H. S. graduates in uniform, and this is our duty to America.

"That That Nation Might Live"

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

A SOFT veil of snow spread its cloak over the nervous, busy city of Washington, D. C. It shrouded the tall, stately buildings, heavy with memory and national honor, in thin white sheets, giving all a wraithlike appearance. In the crowd that surged through the streets was a very young soldier. Far from home, lonely and bewildered in the midst of the fast-moving throng, he wandered along through the snow without noticing the direction in which his footsteps carried him. All at once he realized that he was approaching a flight of steps. These steps led to a simple yet magnificent structure resembling a Greek temple which stood overlooking the Potomac River. Instantly the soldier recognized this temple, for it was a tribute that had been erected by adoring citizens in honor of their revered leader who was their idol, and who had always been the idol of this young soldier. The lad stumbled up the steps and entered the silent building. Though little light filtered in through the rows of columns, the huge statute of Abraham Lincoln, seated in a marble chair, gazed thoughtfully at him through the dimness.

The soldier, standing before the statue, lifted his eyes to its face and filled his mind with the clear, sharp homeliness of its features. The weary but tranquil expression on the face recalled to the soldier's mind the many years that Lincoln had struggled to unite once more his beloved nation. What would Abraham Lincoln have done, what would he have thought if he lived today? If he could see the result of the present struggle, so terrific and so horrible, would he still have felt that war involving brother against brother was far worse than any other kind of war? Indeed, this great man would be deeply grieved by the conflict which was carrying man farther and farther away from humanity.

The soldier remembered the many hours, when as a child, he had sat by his father's chair and gazed into the fire, or the many autumn afternoons when he had strode by his father's side, listening to stories of a humble, free man who proved himself to be one of America's finest leaders, a man of clear and broad understanding and forthrightness. The little anecdotes which proved his honesty, the numerous incidents in his life which plainly showed his strength of will and steadfastness, accounts of his kindness and tenderness, had brought the boy closer to him. Through his entire life the soldier had always used Lincoln's principles as his guiding light, and many times, because of Lincoln's example, the boy had profited and had been led to safety and happiness.

Outside the white columns, the snow had ceased to fall. A bright moon glimmered down on the city and clothed the memorial in chaste, white beauty. The rays of the moon threw ribbons of light on the seated statue, touching it with life. In these serene moments the soldier no longer yearned for home, for here he was able to gather his thoughts peacefully in the company of memories of a man whom he deeply honored and loved. He wandered through the building, stopping to read the plaques on the side walls which held the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural Address. Even in the speeches of this man his noble character and his sincerity were outstanding. Little wonder that many people cherished the never dying ideals of this man long since passed from life. What was necessary to create a human being with such fine qualities? How often, thought the boy, this captain, like the captains of today, must have despaired at the results of his efforts. But, as this captain succeeded, the captains of today will succeed, for in their hearts they know,

as he knew, that what they fight for is right—good—true.

The soldier looked once again at the statue's face. It seemed to hold an expression of understanding, and for a moment, the soldier felt that it might smile—a weary yet a satisfied smile. He turned to leave, and as he did

so, his eye caught once more the words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address,—words which meant so much then,—words which fitted the present day so perfectly. Slowly he repeated the words: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right let us strive on to finish the work we are in. . . ."

What Are the Wild Radio Waves Saying?

By Ann Wierum

OCCASIONALLY I listen to the radio. I would listen to it a great deal more but for three things. First, I get mad at the static. Second, I get mad at the advertisements. Third, I fear that if I listen to the radio very long, I shall get so mad at the static and the advertisements that I will throw the radio on the floor and stamp on it—hard. (Not that that possibly could make the thing any worse than it already is.)

Our radio has quite a history. We bought it five years ago in Greenwich, Connecticut, and it has been with us ever since. Great has been the number of times that it has needed new parts—parts absolutely impossible to get. Although it is a portable, the batteries, of course, wore out years ago, so now we must run it on the power line.

Our radio has a personality all its own. Nobody else's radio has a personality like ours (thank goodness). It acquired this on our trip to Maine, when it was dropped in the mud. The poor thing never has been the same since. Since then it has had a personality. No prima-donna could have more idiosyncrasies. For instance, there was a period when it would play only in a certain position on the arm of the sofa. In any other position, or on any other piece of furniture it was sulky, silent, or static. Now it manages to play more or less erratically in any position.

But it is still temperamental. When I rush to get Jack Benny on Sunday evening, the radio starts by taking about ten minutes to

warm up. Then a voice comes on, loud and clear, "Ladies, do you want glamorous eye-lashes? Then try—". I scowl and try to get the right station—WGY—but it is lost in a sea of static. Even the static on our radio has a personality. It squeals, it howls, it whistles, it roars, it plays scales and crescendos, and whole crashing symphonies. It is like a small boy making as much noise as possible because he knows it teases.

Desperately I turn the dial. I hear about Alka-Seltzer and Ovaltine, Hair Tonic and Wheaties—and there is no static. In fact, every station except WGY is perfectly clear. On one station I hear a long, piercing scream, followed by the sound of someone strangling, and then a wild, ghastly laugh. Interested, I wonder what will happen next, but after a short pause, a voice fairly oozing with good will says in a syrupy tone, "If you don't feel good, try Carter's Little Liver Pills." Phooey!

Carefully I wiggle the dial. Breathlessly I try once more for WGY. To my amazement, it comes on—just in time for me to hear, ". . . will be with you again next week, same time, same station. Good-bye, now!" Then the announcer says, "A transcription. Do you have that tired, worn-out feeling that comes from acid indigestion? Are you only half alive? Take—" Disgustedly I turn off the radio, and think to myself "Well, at least, the next time I have a composition to write, I won't be at loss for a subject. I'll write on "A Plea for Reformed Radios." They need it!

The Days That Are No More

By Paul Feldman*

IN the soul of every man there is a desperate longing to relive the past. The future is a challenge; the present a problem; the past a lovely dream. It is to this dream that one naturally turns when beset by the hardships of living. The past is a refuge.

Past laughter rings in the ears like the soft tinkling of tiny chimes. The raucous clang fades till only the gentle bell-note of joy remains. Strangely, the heart saddens in remembrance of by-gone laughter. Perhaps this is so because that glad moment is past, departed irrevocably. The mellowness of the memory increases with time's passage, and in old age, recollections of youthful laughter bring a wistful smile to the lips and a tear to the eye.

The bitterness of misery, as time passes, softens till only a vague sadness lingers. No resentment is borne to the lover who spurned or the friend who cheated. There is only the sensation of undefinable regret. The blackness of despair silvers with age. It is, in recollection, no longer the torturing mood it was in the past. It no longer fills the pit of the stomach with lead nor the mind with bitterness. The gloom fades to the dim silver of a field in the moonlight and that which was despair becomes a gentle melancholy. There is in it that ethereal sadness which warms and softens and soothes.

On a frosty winter night what is more comforting than the reminiscence of a still evening in summer. Memory brings back the rustling trees, and the crickets and birds singing a clair de lune of Nature. A shimmering carpet of moonlight dances before eyes half-closed in a soul-stirring sensation of peaceful enchantment. The calmness and warmth of summer come to mind always when barren winter tries to annihilate the life of the earth.

*Paul is now serving in Uncle Sam's Navy—Ed.

Memory is mysterious and stirs vague emotions, tears and smiles, a desire to live what never again can be lived, the desire to retire and think. Memory recalls all of life, for each moment has its time to be remembered, and as the images of long ago steal into our minds, our eyes grow dim with "idle tears in thinking of the days that are no more."

FOR ALEX

By Betty Kreiger

When you were small you had your toys
Your bright tin soldiers and your gun,
Two by two across the floor
Your soldiers marched, and at the door
You shot them, just for fun.

And then, as time went on, you left
Them in a box beneath your bed,
But outdoors in the summer sun
You spied the "foe", and wooden gun
In hand, you shot him dead.

Your schooldays came and went, and still
The fighting spirit held your heart,
But as before, 'twas only play
Until there came that awful day
When worlds were torn apart.

You did not wait for them to call;
To you what must be done was clear.
So off to war—and now your gun
Was real; this was no game of fun,
And yet you had no fear.

And now your heart is stern and hard,
Your days of childhood play are done,
But still you wait, and crouching low,
You watch until you spy the foe.
Then shoot him with your gun.

Reminiscing

By Eleanor St. Clair



IT was a month ago tonight that he'd gone, a night very much like this one. She made up her mind to go out for a walk . . . just as they'd done so often . . . and go by the old, familiar places they'd been to so many times.

The snow was falling lightly, covering the ground with its white blanket.

Turning the corner, she started up a high hill and seemed to be back with him the night they had gone tobogganing with the gang. There had been a race, and whoever got to the bottom first would be the winner of an unknown prize. She remembered how proud she'd been when he'd come down so far ahead of the others, and how she'd laughed when they handed him a little "mamma" doll.

Reaching the top of the hill, she started across the field and came to the pond where they'd gone skating every free night they had during the winter months. It was here she'd learned how to skate, and here where she'd fallen in and been drenched to the skin. He had brought her home on a sled that night, giving her his warm ski jacket to keep her from getting any colder than necessary, and as a result catching a "death of a cold" himself.

A little farther down the hill, to the right, she could see the school they'd gone to to-

gether when they were little tots. She passed by, and once more thought back to the day when he'd tied her pigtails under the desk, causing such a commotion when she got up to recite. He'd been punished by the teacher that day, and had to stand in the corner a whole hour after school.

Straight ahead she saw the park where they'd gone for walks, and had picnics. She remembered, especially, the day they'd planned so much on spending the afternoon together, and had ended up bringing everything but the food. It had been a big disappointment, but they'd gone bicycle riding instead and had had just as much fun . . .

A sharp wind swept past, and shivering a little, she started toward home. Walking down the familiar street, she recalled the times they'd raced each other down to the bus stop, seeing who would have to be the "slow poke".

One day they had been playfully trying to push each other off of the sidewalk into the street, and before she could warn him he had pushed a bundle out of her hands and broken a dozen eggs. It had been a long trip back to the store, but they did it in less than five minutes, averting all parental suspicions.

She saw some children making a snowman and stopped a few moments to help them, remembering how she and Bob had accepted help from a passerby the day they were making one. It had turned out to be the pride of the neighborhood, too, . . . six feet tall, with a silk top hat, and bulging eyes of coal.

Now she turned into the walk that led to her house, and looking at the service flag in the window, felt a sudden pang of deeper loneliness for the times they used to have together. For after all, doesn't every sister miss her big brother when he goes to war?

It's All So New To Me

By Florence Waszkelewicz



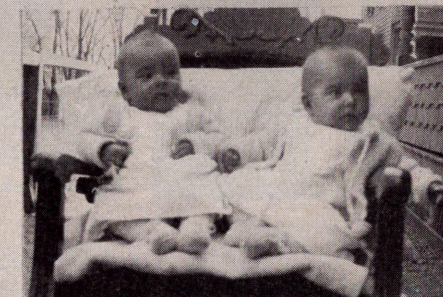
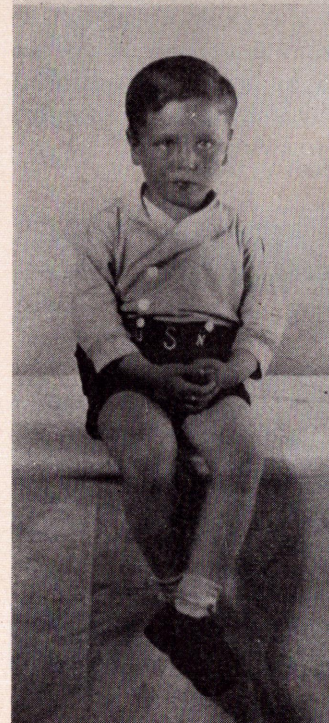
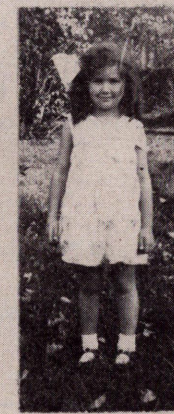
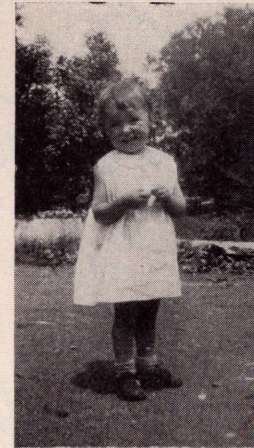
EVERY year about this time I get that old feeling. No matter how many ribs I have broken in the past, when the snow is deep and the air is crisp, I want to go skiing. It never fails! I pull my skis out of the cellar, dig my ski togs out of the attic, brush up on my book of rules, and wait and wait for a fine skiing day.

Then, one day, Nature and time agree. Saturday; and the snow is beautiful with the sun sending down its rays to dazzle the whole countryside. Now, now I am ready! My preparations have not been in vain. Now I can go skiing. I am a skier! But all this is said while I have my feet firmly on the ground. The many falls and fruitless attempts of other years have not dampened my spirits. I do not have the wings of an angel. I soon discover that!

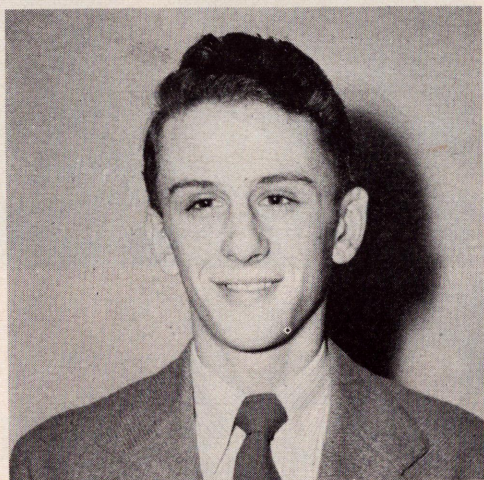
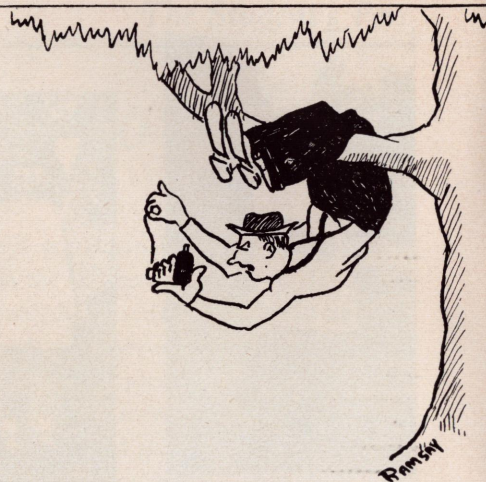
Here I go, down the hill. Slowly, then faster as the hill becomes steeper. It's all so new to me! My mind and feet do not contact. My arms are not structures of balance. One ski pole is still standing at the top of the hill. The other is held forward to break my fall, if and when, I do. I go faster and faster down the hill. My skis are together, now apart, now together. Suddenly a pole with a red flag sprouts up in front of me. How did I ever get on one of the obstacle runs? I'll never know! Stem turn, Stem turn, the book says. But how to Stem turn is another thing. Snowplow is much simpler and I know how to do that. The tips of my skis come together, the ends far apart. I skid to a stop just as the tips of my skis touch the pole.

After a great deal of persuasion, my skis decide to do what I want to do, and once more I start down the hill, clear trail ahead. Slowly, then faster, I gain speed. Ah, I straighten up, I can ski! See, I want to shout to the world, see, I can ski! This is what I have been waiting for. This is what I—suddenly there is a scrape and a dull thud in the snow. I brush the snow off my face, dazed and surprised. What happened? As I turn to look at the hill, I see one of Mother Nature's tricks. The snow-covered rock caused my downfall and now here I lie on my back. Both my ski poles are gone now and one ski stands upright in the snow, my foot still in the cable. My hair is covered with snow and water drips down my back.

Painfully I get up and trudge down the hill, my skis on my shoulder, the only safe way. No more shall I go skiing! —That is, not until next year when this old familiar feeling returns to me.



WHO'S WHO



ARMAND QUADROZZI

OUR BOND SALESMAN

Al Totaro, chairman of the Student Stamp Committee, needs no introduction. Al, who is awaiting induction into the armed services, plays football, basketball, hockey, and baseball, the latter being his favorite. To relax, Al eats strawberry shortcake, looks at Betty Grable, and hums "I Dream of You." As for girls, they all appeal to him (good looking ones, of course). After the war he plans to enter college, preferably Colgate.

BASKETBALL HERO

By this time Armand Quadrozzi needs no introduction to the students of P. H. S. After watching him play so many grand games for our Alma Mater, we are proud to salute this up-and-coming sophomore.

The loves in Armand's life are three: spaghetti, brunettes about so high, and basketball. Of these, basketball is closest to his heart.

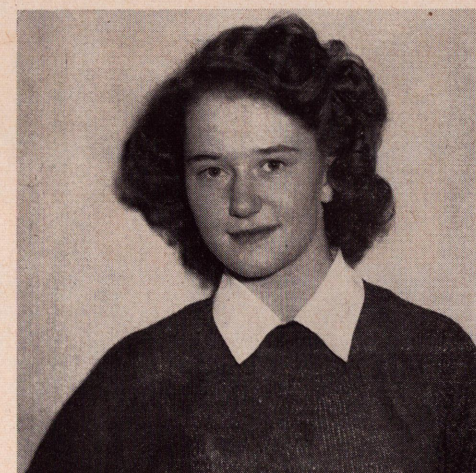
A few years from now when you read the Sport's page of any newspaper, you'll be sure to see his name in a prominent spot, for his ambition is to become a professional athlete. (He's certainly off to a great start!) Best of luck to you, Armand.



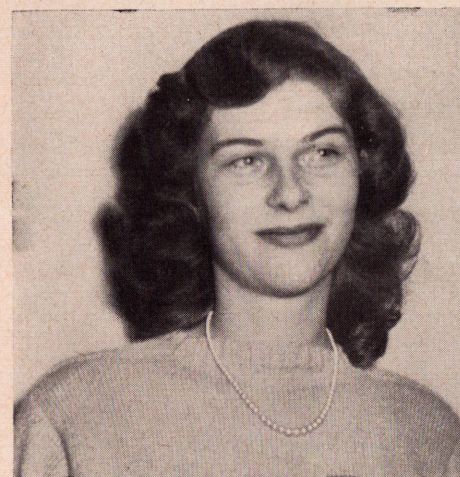
AL TOTARO

SUSIE SZMANSKI

Sweet Senior of SmileS
Secretary of Senior ClaSS
Secretary-TreaSurer of "OaSiS"
Staff member of STUDENT'S PEN AdvertiS-
ing Section
ShieS at Sinatra
SighS at "StarduSt"
Striving for MaSSachuSettS State College
in September
also—Tri-Hi-Y (Gamma) and Future
—Teacher?



SUSIE SZMANSKI



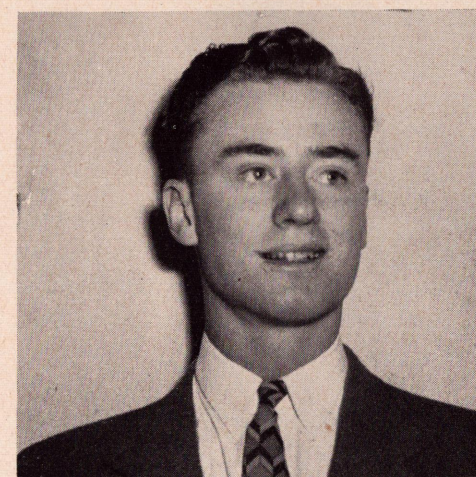
SHIRLEY HERD

SMILING THROUGH

This young miss with the pleasant smile is Shirley Herd, Senior Class treasurer, co-president of the Hi-Y and Tri-Hi Y Council, and treasurer of Beta Tri-Hi-Y. Quite a popular young lady, we see! Among Shirl's favorite pastimes are skiing and skating, though sleeping rates pretty high with her. Next fall she plans to enter Colby Junior College.

ROBERT FORMEL

Here, folks, is Bob Formel, the busiest person in P. H. S. His chief occupation, so he bitterly admits, is school, but he does have a few odd jobs on the side such as editor of Senior ClassYear book, president of Senior Hi-Y, past president of the Class of '45, and member of the Debating Club. He will be content with banana cream pie and fair skinned brunettes, but please keep those facetious sophomores away, because Bob finds them particularly annoying. For the duration his ambition is the Maritime Service, but in civilian life he plans to become an old sawbones. Good luck, Dr. Formel.



ROBERT FORMEL

"Ruddigore"

By Janet Clark and Jane Boucher

THE presentation of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, *Ruddigore*, by the Class of 1945, on February 1st and 2nd was a great success.

Before a capacity audience the story unfolded. The scenes take place in the fishing village of Rederring and the picture gallery of Ruddigore Castle.

Evelyn Tainter, as Rose Maybud, was outstanding. As in past years she thrilled the audience with her lovely voice.

A newcomer to P. H. S. operettas, Donald Davis, made a definite hit as the sailor, Dick, who tries to take Rose away from Robin Oakapple. One of the amusing episodes was his dancing of the sailor's horn pipe.

Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, alias Robin Oakapple, was none other than the incomparable Christopher Barreca. His many endeavors to win Rose back from Dick and his final triumph were some of the most enjoyable parts in the operetta.

As in every plot, there has to be a villain—this year convincingly portrayed by Earl Proper, whose name is well known in the annals of P. H. S. operetta history. His deep bass voice was just what was needed to perfect the portrayal of Sir Despard Murgatroyd. Even though he is a villain, there is a girl who tries to win his affections—Mad Margaret, who is everything her name implies, enacted so well by Evelyn Seagrave, a junior, whom we all remember from last year's performance.

The operetta wouldn't have been complete without the beautiful contralto voice of Eileen Costello as Dame Hannah.

Bill Prendergast, who showed us that playing the piano isn't his only accomplishment,

was Chris Barreca's old servant, Adam Goodheart.

Caroline Cole and Eleanor Shipton, two of the bridesmaids, were pretty as well as talented, which was to the liking of the audience.

The colorful dance in the finale of the first act was performed by Athena D. Giftos, Doris Cella, Rita Mierzejewski, and Sophie Buksa and coached by Miss McNaughton.

The highlight of the operetta was the ghost scene in which long dead ancestors stepped out from their picture frames in Ruddigore Castle. One of these ancestors was Roger Petell, whose first operetta performance was very well done.

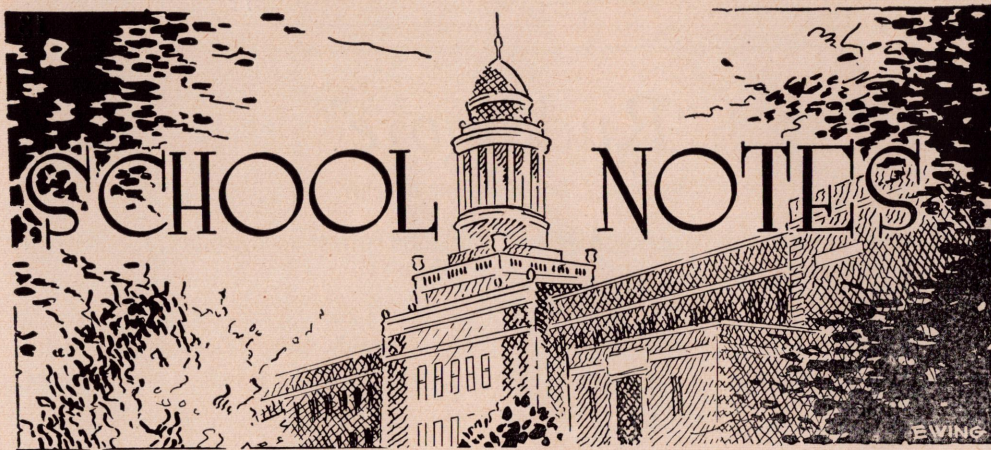
F. Carl Gorman—no report of a P. H. S. operetta would be complete without mention of his name. He was the one who so patiently trained the members of the cast, chorus and orchestra to perform so skilfully. Again this year, as in the past, he was the nucleus of a fine performance—one which satisfied the audience's taste for a good musical program. The cast, chorus, and orchestra expressed their appreciation of Mr. Gorman by giving a dinner in his honor at the White Tree Inn on January 16.

The chorus and orchestra deserve a lot of credit for the way they blended so well with the members of the cast.

All the chairmen and members of their various committees—ticket, doormen, ushers, publicity, program and scenery—merit a vote of thanks for their splendid cooperation.

To everyone, who was in any way connected with the presentation of *Ruddigore*, the Class of 1945 wishes to extend its heartfelt thanks.





SALE OF WAR STAMPS

Here it is—already 1945, and before us we have a whole new year in which to accomplish the many things we did not do last year. Most of us have made noble resolutions. How many have included in these resolutions a statement which goes something like this: "I will buy at least one ten-cent war stamp a month during 1945"? Well, if you haven't, it's not too late to add the resolution today. There are still ten months ahead.

December's returns were very promising. The grand total was well over 90% with thirty-three rooms—9B, 14, 101, 102, 104, 105, 107, 110, 140, 142, 145, 147, 148, 201, 202, 203, 205, 206, 208, 231, 233, 236, 238, 240, 241, 242, 302, 303, 305, 333, 335, 341, 344—attaining 100%. Rooms 137, 138, 143, 204, and 337 reached 90% and rooms 103, 212, 235, 243 were 80% and above. Room 149 scored between 70 and 80 per cent.

January's results are as follows: rooms 9B, 14, 102, 103, 104, 105, 107, 110, 138, 142, 145, 147, 148, 149, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 208, 212, 231, 233, 236, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 302, 303, 305, 333, 335, 337, 341, 344 scored 90% or better. Room 243 had 82% and rooms 101, 143, 332 scored between 25 and 65%.

For February, Rooms 110, 238, and 241 already have 100%.

STUDENT ASSEMBLY SERIES

On January 15th, the students of P. H. S. were privileged to hear Mr. Salom Rizh, author of the book, "Syrian Yankee" speak on his experiences when he first came to America from Syria.

Mr. Rizh was born in a Syrian town near Beirut. His mother died when he was born, and he was brought up by his grandmother. His early life was spent in a continuous struggle, first to keep alive, then to acquire knowledge; and finally to obtain a passport to America, of which he was rightfully a citizen.

At last he was able to reach America, where he found work in a shoe repair shop. His account of his efforts to master the English language, which he found very difficult, and his eager desire to know and understand the spirit of America made a fascinating story.

In closing, Mr. Rizh presented the school with his new book, "Syrian Yankee" which we shall, no doubt, enjoy reading.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

Some of the pictures discussed this month were: "Frenchman's Creek", "And Now Tomorrow" and "None But the Lonely Heart".

Thomas Perault is scheduled to show pictures of his trip to Hollywood to the Motion Picture Club in the near future. Any student may attend this meeting. See you there!

HI-Y AND TRI-HI-Y NEWS

The "Y" is approaching its most active time of the year with the Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y clubs bursting with exciting events. Alpha's "Mardi Gras" some time in February starts off the dancing season, with Beta coming not too long after with the festive "Sadie Hawkins" dance on March 2. On April the 6th, Delta's "April Showers" dance takes place.

On February 9, Zeta sponsored a card party which meant a good time for everyone. Still in the same month Alpha and Delta are having a basketball game. The "bloomer" girls ought to put on quite an effective show and will probably attract a good attendance. Another big event is the spaghetti supper sponsored by Sigma on February 22 and open to the public.

March 16, Gamma is staging a "Pop" Concert—an enjoyable evening with good music, refreshments, and fun for all. Also during this period there are a number of joint meetings—among these is the sleigh-ride that Torch and Sigma are planning. On March 30, the annual Good Friday breakfast takes place and everyone is welcome to come.

It looks like plenty of good times are brewing.

THE OASIS

On January 13, a large crowd was present to celebrate the first birthday of the Oasis. The highlights of the evening were the announcing of the winner of the bean guessing game and the program in honor of the Prebles and Neumans. The Oasis birthday cake was given as a prize to the person who guessed the correct number of beans in a jar. Barbara Couch was the lucky person. She guessed the correct number—683.

The program given for the Neumans and Prebles was in appreciation of the work they have put into the Oasis. Lois Shipton was mistress of ceremony. The women were presented corsages and the men boutonnieres.

A new attraction of the Oasis, is a special entertainment put on each Saturday night, such as square dancing, progressive dance, and elimination dance. Again our invitation is extended to all who have not yet attended the Oasis. Fun is guaranteed.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

The boys from the auto-mechanics department have built a snowplow (made up of Chevrolet car parts) under the supervision of Mr. Frank. This plow is to be used on the roads and sidewalks around the school.

It is a small jeep-like car with an adjustable plow, which is run by hydraulic pressure. The plow has been dubbed "the bug" and it has enough power to drive through large as well as small drifts. This has been proven, as it was used, after the last snowfall. Congratulations, boys! That'll cure quite a few blisters.

Some of the boys down in the machine shop have made some exceptionally good knives this year. These knives have a blade of about nine to twelve inches in length and two inches in width. Among those skilled in making these knives are Morris Williams and Oliver Pixley.

P. H. S. has lost all its seniors from the shop for they have all gone to work at May's Engineering Co.

Flash! One of our mad machinists went down to get a job at May's but was turned down according to latest report. Poor boy!

ARE THESE SENIORS? See Page 9

By Jean C. May

Top: Winning smile, Ginny Roberts; Under the bow, Barbara Couch; Little Lord Fauntleroy, Rudy Sacco.

Center: The milk drinker, Ginny Roth; The Twins, Hilda and Harriet Klose.

Bottom: Sedate young sailor, Joe Calli; Curly Top, Mickey McColgan; Bathing beauties, Dot and Buddy Milne.



P. H. S. in Uniform

PAUL GARNISH, R.M. 3/c
U.S.N.A. B 807
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Paul Garnish entered the service soon after his graduation in 1942 and trained at Sampson, N. Y. and then left for the Marshall Islands where he is now stationed.

BERNARD SNYDER, S 1/c R.M.
9th Division
U.S.S. Piedmont
c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.

After his graduation in 1943, Bernard Snyder went to Sampson for his boot training. Six weeks later he was made a S 1/c. At present he is serving on the U.S.S. Piedmont "somewhere in the Pacific."

THOMAS J. RICCI, R.M. 3/c
667-39-70
U.S.S. L.S.M. 244
c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.

Tom (3 letterman) Ricci joined the Navy four months after his graduation in '43 and also trained at Sampson. From there Tom was sent to Bainbridge, Md. and Little Creek, Utah and is now serving "somewhere in the Pacific."

WALTER WOOD, S 2/c
Gun Crew 3930
A.G.S. (U.S. RT. 60)
Norfolk, Virginia.

Buddy Wood was here at P. H. S. just last year. He is another graduate of Sampson, and is now receiving additional training at Norfolk, Virginia.

Seaman 2/c DESPINA SPRING joined the WAVES in April '44. Bethesda, Md. was her training post, and at present is stationed at Bainbridge, Md. Another woman in uniform!

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACULTY

By Barbara Couch

To those of you who do not know him, I present Mr. Sheridan, teacher of English, stationed in Room 205.

This very good-natured member of our faculty is a graduate of P. H. S. and of Holy Cross College in Worcester. Believe it or not, his favorite subject in school was LATIN!

His favorite dish is the ever-popular chocolate pie. His favorite sports are hunting (strictly wild animal) and fishing, and he also spends a great deal of his spare time gardening.

Even though we are all very fond of Mr. Sheridan, he declares that his pet peeve is his sixth period study hall in 212. "That just finishes the day off nicely," says he. "The girls in that room are impossible with their constant chattering!"

He is forever reminding us to keep quiet, his most severe admonition being, "Don't you know the bell has rung?"

Despite his occasional sternness, Mr. Sheridan is really a grand person. If you haven't already met him, make it a point to do so—soon!

DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club has taken advantage of the world conditions as sources of their discussions. The debates have been about the "Conscription Act" and "The Internment of Japanese-Americans." There have been several open discussions among which were the predictions of the day of victory, the presidential appointments and the working conditions for home coming veterans. The club has had a sleigh ride which was quite a success.

Students at P. H. S. are invited to join this club at any time and take part in its varied activities.

HERE AND THERE

Ask Mary Pullano to tell you about "fft"!

Has Leatrice Crown told you about "Naughty Marietta" yet?

Who is Millie Kinghorn's red-headed friend?

We hear Alden Brosseau has "RELATIVES" in Milwaukee! Man—what relatives!

Congratulations to the winners of the operetta poster contest.

Wonder who is going to be elected "Noisiest Girl" in the Senior Class statistics!

MOVIES VS. P. H. S.

"Crazy House"	P. H. S.
"Bathing Beauty"	Mary Miller
"The Conspirators"	St. Joe Team
"The Voice of the Canary"	Earl Proper
"The Dancing Masters"	

	Mike Spring and Ginny Roth
"Top Man"	Bill Hearn
"None But the Lonely Heart"	Olga Dondi
"The American Romance"	

	Marny Wood and Carolyn Budrow
"The Impatient Years"	High School Days
"I Love a Soldier"	Evelyn Tainter
"Gone With the Wind"	

	Wyn Gutmann's hair
"The Climax"	Graduation

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

The Junior Class had its elections on February fifth, and the results are as follows:

Bill Hearn is now President of the class of '46, and the Vice-Presidential offices are held by Anne La Porte and Kenneth Turner. Rita Mierzjewski will keep the notes for the class, being its Secretary, and the Treasurer is Jean Hansen.

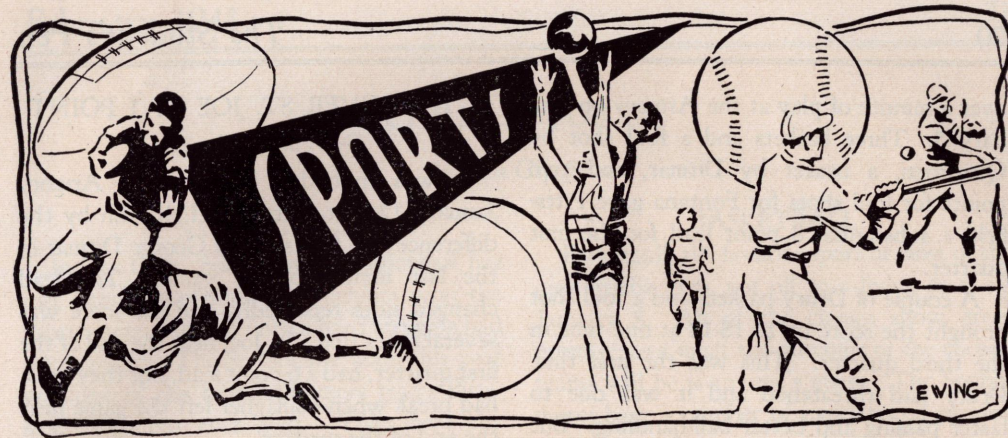
I BUY A BOND

By Eileen Unger

Now while the snow is falling
And the skies are dull and gray
And the winds are sharp and piercing
On this February day—
My morbid thoughts o'ertake me
I am restless and ill at ease
My eyes turn in on my being
For I'm selfish and hard to please.
Then as I sit a-glooming
Against things as they seem
A sub-conscious thought comes looming
Like a weird, fantastic dream.
I see boys who are fighting and dying
On the blood-soaked hills and streams,
And the shelters dark and littered
With agony, fear, and screams.
In a foxhole cold and frightening
A mother's son lies dead,
And the murderous bombs, like lightning,
Burst thick and fast o'erhead,
I sit here so well protected
By Old Glory and Uncle Sam.
At last my eyes are opened
And I see me as I am.
Now while the snow is falling
On this February day.
There's a bright idea inside me
I listen and hear it say:
"I want to help this country
Of which I am so fond
And the only way as I see it
Is to Buy Another Bond."



P. H. S. BASKETBALL SQUAD
 Third Row: Moran (Manager), Carsley, Galletly, Archambeau, Jones, Martin, A. Ditmar, Bouchane (Ass't. Manager)
 Second Row: Ginsberg, Farnham, G. Ditmar, Fontana, Quaddrozzi, Totaro, Galli
 First Row: Pellegrielli, Ferreira, King, Cronin, Sammon, Leahy, Hinman



ADAMS 34—PITTSFIELD 24

By David L. Carpenter

Surviving a third quarter scare, Adams High's veterans beat back a stubborn challenge from Pittsfield High and just about sounded the death knell on our team's pennant chances for this season with a 34-24 victory over P. H. S. on Jan. 9. Marked dominance in the second and fourth quarters was the big factor in the home team's success, for Pittsfield was outscored 18 to 6 in those two frames.

The shackling of Capt. Emil Fontana, Pittsfield's leading scorer, by Adams' co-captain and guard Joe Mikutowicz was important. Fontana, who is usually in double figures or close to that mark, was limited to a solitary free try. Mikutowicz found time to assume the role of chief feeder or playstarter, and he was also credited with three goals.

Adams led 10-7 at the close of the first quarter and jumped all the way to 18-8 at the close of the second period. Then came the spirited uphill drive by P. H. S. in the third quarter. At its close, Adams was hanging on with its advantage reduced to 23-19. George Ditmar, Pittsfield's veteran guard, kept Pittsfield High in the fight. His 12 points, 10 of them in the second quarter, represented an all night-high. Both teams were weak from the foul line. Adams made six points in twenty-two tries; P. H. S. the same number in fifteen. Ginsberg was the only man other than Ditmar who scored more than two points for P. H. S. He scored four.

BENNINGTON 29—PITTSFIELD 25

By David L. Carpenter

Pittsfield High School's fourth quarter drive was too late after too little scoring activity in the first three periods. Result: Bennington High won a 29 to 25 decision over Pittsfield High in Bennington on December 15. It was Pittsfield's second successive Northern Berkshire League setback, and it marked the second time that the team made a spirited but futile comeback attempt in the second half.

Bennington led all the way. It was 7-2, 13-8, 19-10 at the quarters.

Captain Emil Fontana headed a slashing Pittsfield drive in the final period, P. H. S. scoring more points at that time, than it had in the first three quarters combined. The veteran forward and captain for P. H. S. was the highest scorer of the evening with a total of 12 points.

Bennington had real scoring balance. Each of its seven men made at least one floor goal. Center Elwell and Guard Kearns were high with seven points each.

Leonard Ginsberg and George Ditmar, Pittsfield's other veterans, scored five and seven points respectively. Armand Quaddrozzi and Dick Farnham, Pittsfield newcomers who had scored well in exhibition games, failed to click in their first league game. They had only one free try, that by Quaddrozzi.

UNDEFEATED DRURY BEATEN

Pittsfield started off with a bang, getting a 5-0 lead over the undefeated Drury in a little

over a minute of play at the Armory on January 5. Three baskets and a foul shot by Quadrozzi, a basket by Ditmar, and two points for foul shots for Fontana gave Pittsfield a substantial 8 point lead for the first quarter.

A couple of Drury baskets and a foul shot brought the score up to 18-12 at one time in the third quarter. This was the first time Drury had threatened and it was due to faster passing and better ball-handling. But Pittsfield countered and at the end of the third period the score was 25-13. Again in the last quarter Drury made a concerted effort to even up the score by getting six of the first seven points, but the attack was broken by an equally determined P. H. S. squad, who scored more points before the game ended, making the final score 32-24.

PITTSFIELD 42—DALTON 37

By David L. Carpenter

Two timely baskets by Leonard Ginsberg, playing his best all round game of the season, checked a Dalton surge halfway through fourth period so Pittsfield went on to take the game played at the Armory on Dec. 20.

Pittsfield was ahead throughout the game except for Dalton's early 2-1 lead. A 6-6 tie in the first quarter was the last time that the paper town was tied with or ahead of Pittsfield. At the end of the first quarter the score was 9-8; at the half 23-15; at the end of the third period 36-25; and at the close of the game, P. H. S. had a substantial 42-37 lead.

The game was pretty much Emil Fontana from scrimmage and Ginsberg from the foul lines all the way, Emil scored 9 of his 19 points in the first half. Three of his four floor goals were one handers, one a long distance shot. Ginsberg had two first half baskets, and he led his team in scoring with 15 points on 5 and 5. Dick Farnham was P. H. S.'s third highest scorer.

Thirty-nine fouls were called—23 on Dalton and 16 on Pittsfield.

P. H. S. OVER ST. JOE BY 1 POINT

By Warren Harmon

It was anybody's game at the Armory January 12, but Pittsfield High won by the difference of a foul shot by George Ditmar in the last minute of the game. The lead changed sides repeatedly, and the score was several times tied. St. Joe, near the end of the first quarter, had a 6 point lead, but they got a bad break when Gallagher left the game near the end of the quarter.

Just before the end of the half, a foul shot by Leonard Ginsberg put Pittsfield ahead by one point, 15-14. At the end of the third period, P. H. S. was ahead by 3 points, but a basket and a foul shot by St. Joe tied it up at 22 all. A Ginsberg basket put Pittsfield out in front again, but soon after, DiPietro scored on a lay-up shot. Then came the foul shot by George Ditmar which put Pittsfield one up on St. Joe, who tried desperately to score in the last seconds of the game but couldn't, so the final score stood, 25-24.

Pittsfield High had a double victory that night as the P. H. S. Junior Varsity beat the St. Joe JV's in the preliminary game with a score of 24-23. King was the high scorer with 6 baskets and two foul shots to his credit.

WILLIAMSTOWN WINS IN OPENER

By Warren Harmon

In the first basketball game of the season, played December 8, in Williamstown, Pittsfield High was beaten by a score of 37-28. Williamstown got off to a flying start, having a nine point advantage at the end of the first quarter, and a good lead of fifteen points at the half. Pittsfield fought back, with George Ditmar getting six baskets, Leonard Ginsberg and Emil Fontana three apiece, and Dick Farnham one. P. H. S., while equal to Williamstown in floor goals, was behind in foul shooting, getting two which were made by Quadrozzi and Ginsberg, against eleven by Williamstown High.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Joan Coughlin

VOLLEYBALL

In the Girls' Sports world, volleyball has just been completed. The Seniors won the tournament, but not until a hard struggle had been fought. The Sophomore team this year was one of the best Sophomore teams Pittsfield High has ever seen. They beat the Juniors in both games they played with them, and in one of the Senior games they were ahead almost all the way. There was very much spirit shown throughout the tournament, but the Sophomores outshone the Seniors and Juniors by far in their outbursts of enthusiasm. Those on the winning Senior team were: Jane Kruckowski, captain; Doris Lay, Lois Brown, Theresa Cullen, Dorothy Wallin, Bernice Kingsley, Joan Coughlin, Marie Massery, Jean Mazzacco, and Velma Merletto. The girls on the Junior team were: Martha Overbaugh, captain; Hattie Hall, Gertrude Giese, Edith Evans, Lorraine May, Ann Laporte, Connie Tataro, Betty Kreiger, Carol Gerlack, and Carmina Zofrea. The Sophomore "wonders" were: Janet Ellis, captain; Ellen Mazzacco, Mildred Barnes, Margaret Beahan, Patricia May, Therese Walsh, Barbara Komuniecki, Marilyn Reder, Dorothy Biron, and Dorothy Kelly.

BOWLING

At the Pastime Alleys this season, are about one hundred and twenty girls, all trying to out-do each other in scoring. It looks as if Jane Kruckowski is going to be on the bowling team again this year. She has been hitting 100 since the beginning of the season. The highest score at the time THE PEN goes to press is Claire Shink's 109. Pat May hit 106 last week. To these girls we say "keep up the good work." The team will be chosen around the second week in March.

BASKETBALL

Basketball, the favorite sport of most of the girls in the gym, got off to a flying start on January 8. All of the classes show great promise, and what the outcome of the chosen teams will be is anyone's guess. The Sophomores have a number of experienced players and they ought to come right up the line and become stars. The Juniors have quite a large group out for basketball, and they also have several experienced players. As far as the Seniors go, there aren't as many out for the sport, but most of the girls who are playing have played one, two, and even three years. The teams that are chosen ought to be choice ones before the season ends.



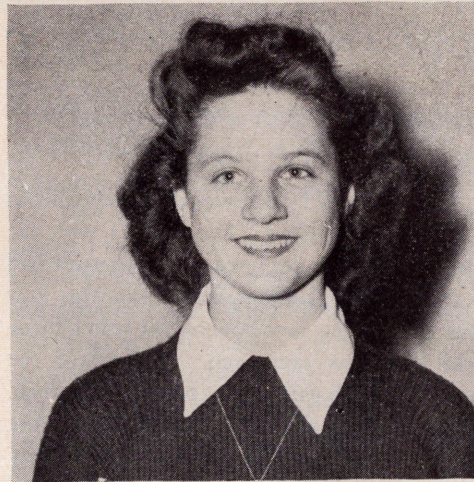
ST. VALENTINE

St. Valentine's is the day
To make your heart feel young and gay,
So come, young swain and court your dame,
Make her heart your aim.

STARS IN SPORTS

DOROTHY WALLIN

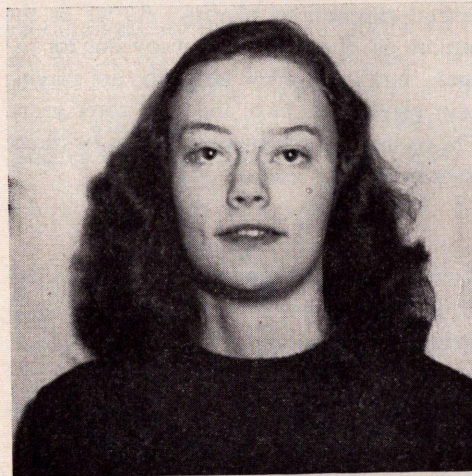
Here is one of the better known seniors, "Dot" or "Dottie" to all of her friends. Dottie's favorite sport is the current one, basketball. As we look at the records, we see that she likes all sports and also is very adept at horseback riding. Dot owns her own horse and what a lucky horse it is to have such a beautiful mistress. All you blonde athletes are tops with Dottie although the chap at Duke University comes first. Behind her quiet exterior we find a most engaging personality.



DOROTHY WALLIN

MILDRED BARNES

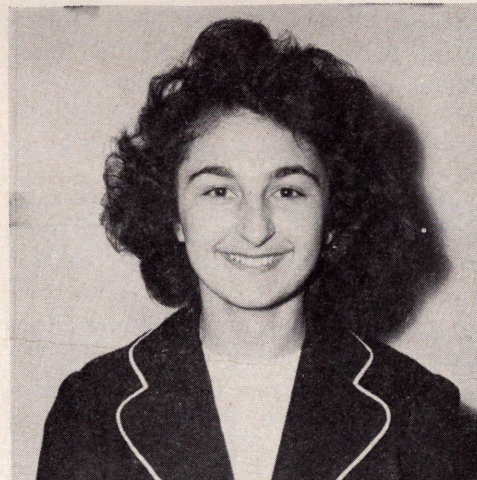
Mildred, generally known as Milly or Janice, is one of the most popular sophomores in the gym. Baseball is her favorite sport, but it is rumored that she has been trying to buy a hockey stick so she can practice at home. Geometry is a subject enjoyed by Milly almost as much as sports. When it comes to English, we find our Janie dreaming of the gym and thinking of that wonderful basket she made yesterday at practice.



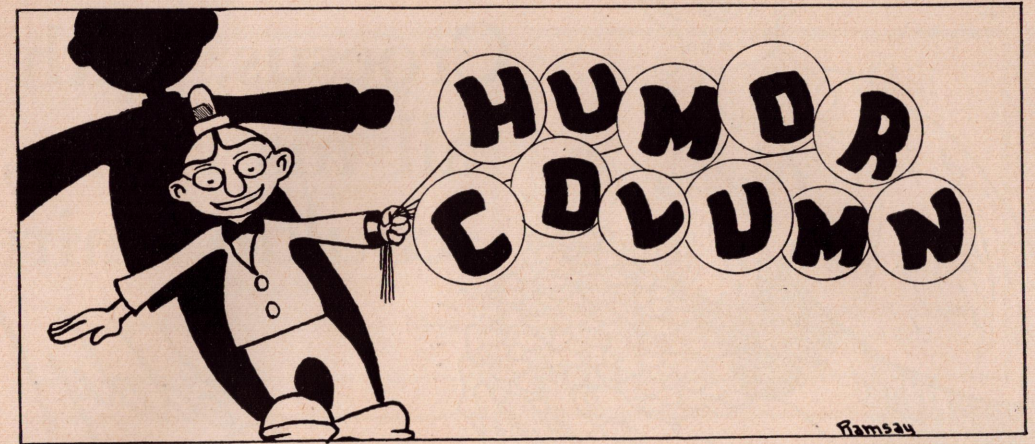
MILDRED BARNES

CARMINA ZOFREA

This popular Junior is Carmina Zofrea but her friends call her "Carm." Although she likes all sports, softball ranks first. Speaking in educational terms, English holds its own in her heart. Carm is a member of the Delta Tri-Hi-Y and the Horizon Club. She spends her spare time doing Red Cross work. Carm's boundless energy is an inspiration to all junior teams, and her delightful sense of humor is enjoyed by everyone who comes in contact with her. We are sure Carm will succeed in everything she attempts.



CARMINA ZOFREA



Mr. Lynch: "Are you chewing gum again?"

Flynn: "No sir!"

Mr. Lynch: "Well, what have you got in your mouth then?"

Flynn: "My teeth."

Tommy Evans: "Why do you get such poor marks in history?"

Mike Spring: "Gee, Miss Kaliher keeps asking me things that happened long before I was born."

Ray Milne claims the girl who goes around in a fog is never mist.

MODERN DESIGN

Three rodents with defective vision;
Note the manner in which they flee;
They all pursued the wife of the agricultur-
ist

Who severed their extremities with a
kitchen utensil.

In the entire span of your existence
Have you ever noted such an unusual
phenomenon as

Three rodents with defective vision?

Billy K.: "Are your classes very strict?"

Paul Rich: "Strict—say, in one of my
classes when a girl fainted, we just propped
her up till the period ended."

Brud: "What's that bump on your head
from?"

Ray Carsley: "Oh, I have water on the
brain and it just came to a boil."

Jimmy: "I'm admiring your coat. Is that
camel's hair?"

Gerry: "Say! Don't you call my girl a
camel!"

D. Coughlin: "I like being a soda-jerker."

Armstrong: "Why?"

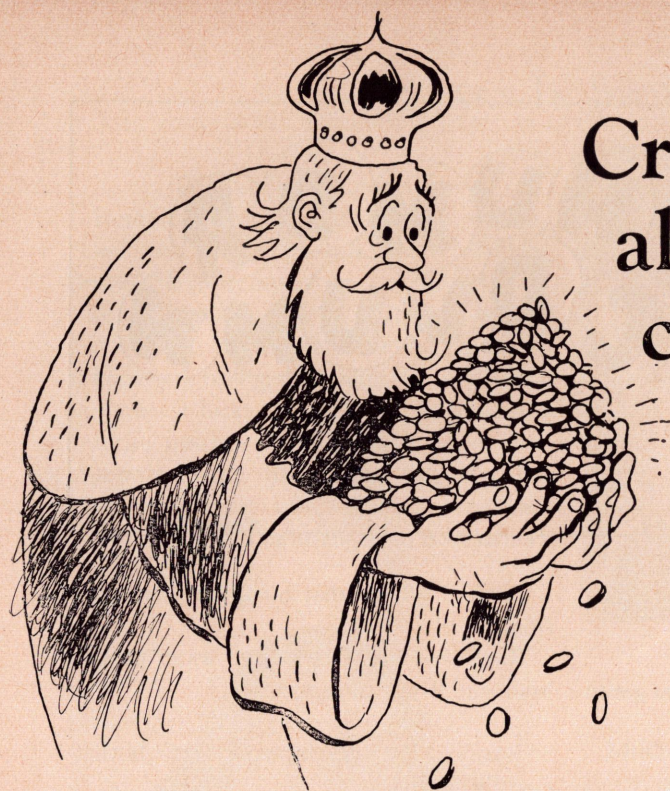
D. Coughlin: "It's such a stirring life."

A boop, you know, is what we call
A boy who thinks he knows it all
Who runs along the hall so fast
You cannot see him 'til he's past
Whose manners make his teachers beg
The Lord to let him break his leg
Or something that would keep him where
He wouldn't get in his teachers' hair.

VALENTINE JINGLES

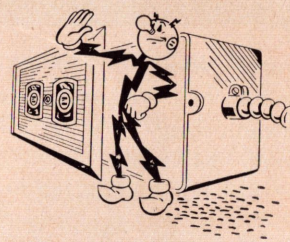
Don't forget her on that day
A Valentine for Beth or Mae,
Some candy maybe for Rose Anne
To let her know you'd like her hand!

That fairest one of all
For whom you always seem to fall
Of course it's Mom, and well you may
Bring her cheer on Valentine's Day.



Croesus, with
all his riches,
couldn't hire

Reddy!



Croesus was the richest man in the world —
2500 years ago.

But with all his gold — Croesus couldn't live
half as well as the average American today.

Reddy Kilowatt's low cost, dependable electric
service has made every American the possessor
of dozens of servants that bring comforts and
conveniences undreamed of by the wildest
prophet of Croesus' time.

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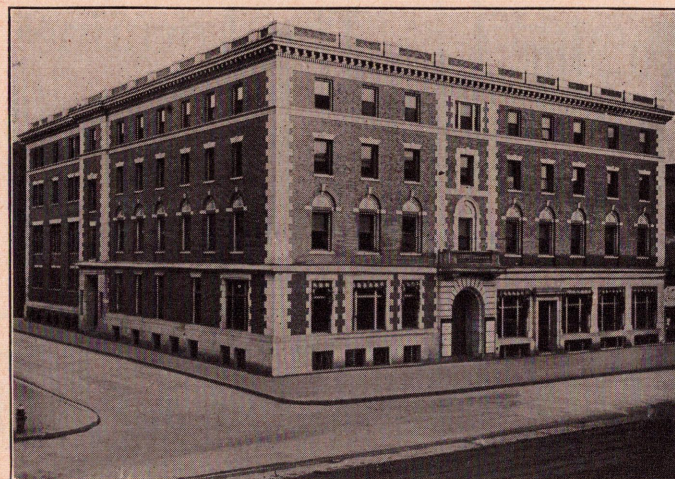
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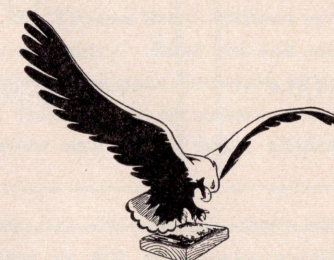
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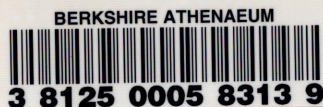
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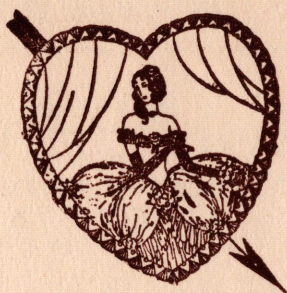
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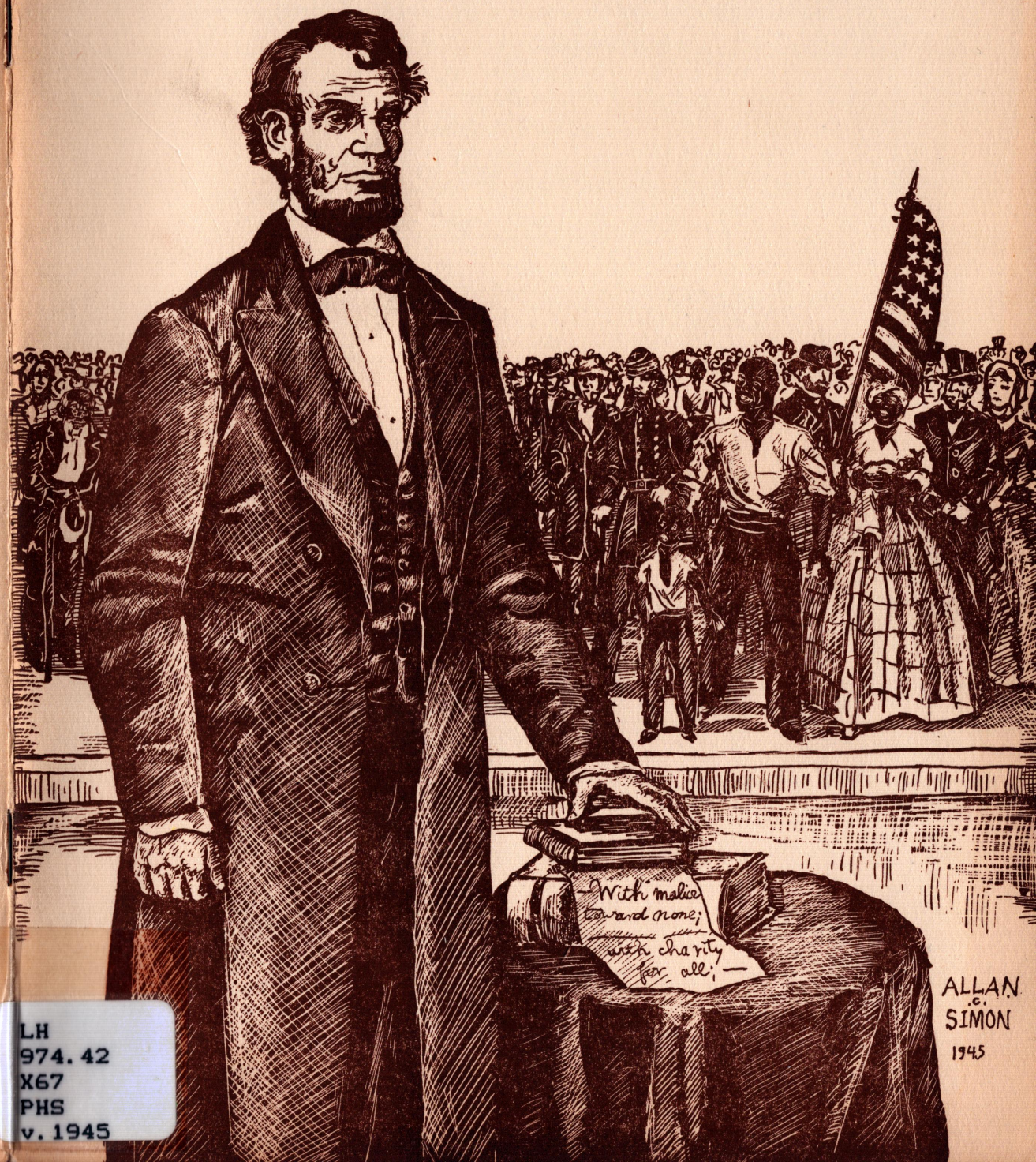
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